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PRESTHOOD

Its Birth and Life and Hold Upon the Destinies of the World

(By Judge Parish B. Ladd.)

From the silent ages of the bygone and the living records of our time, we gather the facts concerning the birth and life of the world's priesthood. Under the various names, such as the medicine man, the augur, the soothsayer, the sorcerer, the diviner, the juggler, the kohen, the rabbi, the clergyman, the minister, the pulpiteer, all are but so many different names belonging to and coming under the general appellation or designation of priest.

Under such names they have held in their grasp the destinies of the world—a body of men, who are the makers of all the gods, religious and sacred books, which, from the remotest antiquity, have crushed the human race. All of this class have ever claimed to be the accredited agents of their gods, with power to call down the wrath or pleasure of their heavenly monarchs on the heads of a world's believers or unbelievers.

On numerous occasions heretofore I have, to some extent, given details of this clerical plant, the rise, criminal life and progress of the priestly hierarchy, which took its rise with the Essenes and Therapists some 200 years before the time assigned to the mythical Christ, was continued without change of principles when these societies threw off their old titles and merged in one body under the name, Christianity, about the 14th of our vulgar era; from and after that date the sect has been known as Christian, meaning a collection or association of pious men, worshippers for a time of the Hebrew God Jehovah; lastly three gods—Jehovah; his son, the good, personified to represent a man called Christ, to which was added the prefix, Jesus the Savior; the two words when spoken together originally meant to be good (and sanctified), is salvation. The Holy Ghost, meaning wind or breath of Jehovah, being finally added to make a trinity, which all the pagans had.

The scope of this thesis will be limited to finding out the fact and general deductions therefrom, from the birth of Christianity to the present time. For the proof of such findings and conclusions, I refer the reader to my numerous writings along this line.

The Christian priesthood is a thing unto itself; it finds in the world's history no parallel. Religion is as old as primitive man on earth; its foundation was ignorance—ignorance of the laws of nature; from that ignorance came fear, which is the foundation of all religion. Among all the earth's inhabitants, no animal other than man was ever so stupid as to have a religion. Instinct and the so-called low order of reasoning of inanimate nature, before man, was sufficient to impress them that an appeal to higher powers brought no results; nor would primitive man ever have thought otherwise except for the importunities of the priesthood, who have ever been the bane of the world.

The beasts of the fields, the fowls of the air, and even the fishes of the sea, instinctively know the useless waste of prayer—a call on the immutable powers of nature for favors. Supreme Nature, who moves under fixed laws, without thought, purpose or design, heads the line of the wish of man, or any other animal.

Man, the most cruel, and least wise in this respect, arrogant and supine as a zoological primate, seeing Nature's blind, purposeless forces around him, took them for supreme beings; the hidden spirits of celestial powers above the earth, of which he was a less potent type. He, in his primitive ignorance, has thus created the first gods, being the producers of the phenomena around him, and appealed to them for protection

from harm. Thus we have the origin of religion.

At this stage of the primate's life, the more crafty, seeing their opportunity for gain, assumed to intervene between these heavenly powers and their clients, for the protection of the latter from the wrath of the former. In dreadful fear of the diabolical elements, this stupid primate readily assented to the will and wishes of the interposer and to pay tribute for his services. Thus we have the origin of the priesthood, and its dupes, men and women of little capacity, who give implicit faith to their priests, who, in the name of life, as now, have ever sought to keep their votaries in ignorance, that they, (the priests) may profit thereby.

Of the tribes and peoples of the ancient world, each had worked out for itself, its own gods and a hierarchy of priests as divine agents. While man, as a mere animal, was allowed to establish civil rules of government, he must in no wise trench on the reserved powers of the priesthood, which came directly from heaven.

In the religious world, as thus made up, each tribe and people made its own gods, always in the image of the maker. This being conceded as a natural right, the many pagan systems respected the gods and religions of all others, as in the Roman Empire, when it allowed the gods of the Egyptians and Greeks to be set up in foreign cities. By this toleration, all the religions moved on, side by side, in unison and harmony, as one stupendous whole. Under such provisions there could be no quarreling. The religious world was at peace with itself and all mankind.

Such was the state of things at the time of the birth of Christianity and the rise of its priesthood, when a new era, one of strife and terror was ushered in. The peace and harmony of the old pagan world was to be supplanted by a long reign of strife, torture, terror, poverty, death, decline of learning, and the loss of civilization. In a word, for fourteen hundred years the world was to groan and suffer under the despotic rule and ruin of the Christian priesthood.

Christianity, in the name of its life, drew all of its recruits from the lowest of the low. Beggars, thieves, outcasts, old women and children, all of the most ignorant class, entered its fold, and became the life of the system—despotic and held in contempt by the scholars, and even by the pagans of the Roman Empire. As such people then, and at all times, have constituted a large majority of the ranks of Christianity were very rapid.

Let it here not be forgotten that many of the ancient philosophers and civil rulers deemed (as such today) that religion of some kind was necessary to the maintenance of the multitude in subjection. On this theory, non-believers have loaned, and now loan, their influence to the support of the prevailing superstition.

From the very start these Christian cattle, with the priests at their head, denounced all other religions of the world as false, vile and pernicious, unworthy of fellowship, and enemies of the true God, who being a con- sideration of the three in one, demanded exclusive worship from all mankind; that it was their duty to force all to submit to Christianity and obey the dictates of the priests.

Their claims, as was natural, arrayed all the rest of the world against the new set, and even antagonized the different Christian sects against each other, for at a very early date a diversity of opinion, represented by different sects, had grown up, each claim-

ing to be the true orthodoxy. It was between these different sects that the early Christians waged their first wars—conflicts to determine which was orthodox and which was heterodox. In these sanguinary conflicts, the weaker party, or at least their leaders, were either put to death or banished. Often these conflicts became so sanguinary as to involve the slaughter of whole communities. At times, the majority shifted from side to side, when the weaker went down to death as a penalty for their attempt to differ with the majority. Nor was it of rare occurrence that the minority at one time became the majority at another, depending on the opinion of the civil ruler, or that of a Bishop. In this way an incessant war was kept up between the different factions from the earliest times down to the close of the first quarter of the third century, when Constantine, the pagan Emperor, called on the warring factions to meet in convention and settle their differences.

This call resulted in the famous Nicene Council, which settled the New Testament canon at least for a time, and gave to the Christian world the Athanasian Creed, a jargon of meaningless words, which has since been the standard of orthodoxy, a dissent from which, being heresy, the priesthood at all times and in all countries since the adoption of creed, have, as far as in their power, tortured and put to death all dissenters.

On Jews, scholars and witches the vials of priestly wrath have been poured out without stint, nor have other dissenters escaped the terrible fate of torture and death at the hands of the priesthood of Christianity. In all this, since the so-called Reformation, the priests of both Catholics and Protestants have vied with each other in these persecutions. Both have used the same instruments of torture, each trying to outdo the other in its cruelties and the number of its victims. "In each case it is the hell-born priest standing on the authority of his Bible of forgeries—a book that went down to posterity as the source of more crimes than have ever been committed by any or every other authority. Read the blood-curdling stories of the Old Testament; the New Testament is a mere repetition thereof.

Of the 1,400,000,000 of human beings of our world, less than 300,000,000 are claimed to be Christians. Of this number, only about one-half belong to the seven great churches, leaving 1,100,000,000 who are ruled to a greater or less extent by other priests. If we extract from this 300,000,000 the children and the feeble-minded who are not capable of forming a correct opinion, and those who use the old ex-ort of Christianity to haul their gods, wares and products to market, a few lone ciphers would represent the real believers.

It may seem strange that a priesthood of so small a number have for more than 1,400 years been able to dominate all Christendom, the fairest portion of earth; but the fact exists all the same, to be accounted for on the ground of united action and the determined and desperate character of the priest-hood.

After countless ages of religious harmony among the numerous pagan religions of the world, it was left to the priesthood of a miserable hanting to be the first to persecute, torture, mutilate, and finally put to death all who dared call in question the absurd story of the Christian religion—conception, birth of a child, resurrection of the dead, all of which are physical impossibilities, violations of the well-known immutable laws of nature—hence absurd and ridiculous when viewed from a rational standpoint by men of letters.

The building up of a great system of religion on such a flimsy basis is conclusive proof that the material used by the priesthood is, intellectually, a little less than that possessed by the quadrupeds. The true, devout believers of Christianity have at all times been of this class. In this respect, mere nominal believers, who support the creed as a business venture, are not counted, nor are the more thoughtful and intelligent of the priesthood to be

counted as a part of the cattle who follow their leaders. It is the lives and doings of the wily, cunning, artful, sly order of the priesthood that have called up this discussion.

The quarrels and slaughter heretofore referred to among the Christian sects were only a prelude of what was to follow when the system came into power under Constantine in the fourth century. As children of the second, third and fourth centuries, they spent their forces in slaughtering their own, for the civil power of Rome did not allow them to murder outsiders; but when the sect got into power under Constantine, the whole order of things was changed; the priesthood was master; the emperor, later the king, was forced servant. The Christian world was an hierarchy, to be ruled by priests, with the Pope at their head. It was a concentrated power under unscrupulous leaders; the will of the priesthood knew no bounds; its word ruled all Christendom; that word was uttered by the Pope; the civil powers moved at his bidding; he made and deposed kings and emperors at will; the civil powers, though non-Christian, dared not incur his ill-will. In short, the Pope by the aid of the priesthood, ruled all Africa and a part of Asia and Europe.

During the thousand years, known as the Dark Ages, the Pope and his priests succeeded in blotting out every vestige of civilization: libraries were burned; colleges and other schools closed; nearly all books that were not related to the church and its priests; no writings other than such as support the church were allowed; the old Grecian and Roman classics had ceased to exist; convicted as they were, ceased, or had found their way to Arabia and other Saracen lands. The printing press had not been invented; the few books that could only be reproduced by the slow process of writing.

Under this state of things it is no wonder that the world of Christendom grew dark, and that the darkness became more intense as time went on. The inevitable followed: poverty, piety, and crime were fellow travelers. The priesthood, its Pope and church, were all in all, except in Arabia and other lands under Mohammedan rule, where the old classics were reproduced in translation.

In the place of literature, prosperity and civilization, the priesthood substituted prayer, poverty and crime—crime on poverty—unaid—all committed by the Pope and his priests on unbelievers, which included every variety of opinion out of harmony with the dictates of the Pope and his priesthood. To enforce the hell-born superstitions of the hierarchy, every instrument which human ingenuity could invent was brought into requisition, not only to torture, but to prolong the suffering of the victims, such as the human hand, iron boot, iron rack for breaking bones, and other devices too numerous to mention. As to the kinds of punishment, among them was cutting off noses, carving out tongues, hanging by the neck or heels until half dead, then taking the victim down and cutting out his heart, liver and lungs, or burning him to death over a slow fire; sometimes hanging the victims, both men and women, up by the heels over a fire until half dead, then cutting them down to prolong their agony as much as possible before final burning; sometimes women and young girls had poles thrust into their privates and thus carried along the streets until exhausted, when fagots and fire were applied to finish this priestly hellish work.

These descriptions are only a few of the many cruel devices and means used by the priesthood to make Christians out of unbelievers, to which, let it be said, the army was at times, especially under Charlemagne, resorted to, when whole tribes and peoples were converted as one swept stroke. Once so converted, death by fire or brutal alive was the fate of all who dared renounce the new faith.

The number so put to death no one will ever know. Various estimates place the number of

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BIBLE

What It Is a Question That Cannot Be Answered Intellegently

(By C. E. Johnson.)

The Bible—what is it? The question that has agitated the mind of thinking man for generations past, and not until the last century has man so boldly spoken his thoughts and sentiments concerning this great stock of unconsensual ignorance, which bleeding sky-pilots would cram down poor, ignorant fools with a four-lined pitchfork, so as to enable him to fill his own pouch with grub and gravy.

Yes, the Bible—what is it? Should the question be answered correctly, it would disgustingly sicken the stomach of a carcass-eating buzzard. Viewing the contents of the Bible, page at a time, would be like examining, piece-meal, the partly-devoured carcass of a rhinoceros. Oh, the horror! The stench! The filth, that this divine (?) book contains is probably the reason why so many righteous Reverends bend in the holy sun-shine of immorality. You can any day pick up the daily papers and read column after column of sensational scandals of preachers and priests, who have re-enacted the immunities of David with some advenures of misfortune. The little escapade of Lot's laughter with their old drunken sot of a father certainly is moral literature for young and immature minds.

And yet when I read the 35th chapter of Genesis, with its disgusting filthy language, explaining the little circumstance of Onan, I wonder why people place this book before their children as a guide. It is no wonder that prostitutes have overrun the land.

Should I write the 36th chapter and 12th verse of Isaiah on a post-card and send it through the United States mail, I would be prosecuted for sending obscene literature through the mails.

It certainly would be great to have the little novelette, the Book of Ruth, printed in tracts and passed around to Sunday-School children, so they will be sure to read how Ruth's passion led her to crawl into bed with her cousin. Oh, is this not moral literature? You old, ignorant fathers and mothers, why do you place the old book reeking with immorality filth into the clean, pure hands of your daughters? Do you wish to educate them into the slums of prostitution, by using the Bible as a text-book?

I refuse to accept the Bible as a moral guide, when it teaches obscenity, adultery and prostitution; also polygamy, slavery, cannibalism, witchcraft, human sacrifices, murder, wars of conquest, cheating, lying and deception, theft and robbery, intemperance, vagrancy, ignorance, injustice to women, unkindness to children, cruelty to animals, tyranny, intolerance and persecution.

Abraham had two wives, and when he died the Lord said: "Abraham obeyed my voice and kept my charges, my commandments, my statutes, and my laws." (Gen. 26:5.)

Jacob was a polygamist, and after he had secured four wives and concubines, God blessed him and said: "Be fruitful and multiply." (Gen. 35:1.)

David had a score of wives and concubines, and "David was a man after God's own heart." "David did right in the eyes of the Lord." God said to David: "I delivered thee out of the hands of Saul; and I gave thee thy master's house and thy master's wives." (2 Sam. 12:7-8.)

Adultery is made prominent by the numerous adulteries of Abraham, David and Jacob. The South derived its reason for slavery from the New Testament, by Paul sending back a Christian servant who had run away from his Christian master

"Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the forward." (1 Pet. 2:18.)

"Exhort servants to be obedient unto their masters." (Titus 2:9.)

"Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honor." (1 Tim. 6:1-2.)

And we find that the Jewish Scriptures also sanctioned slavery: "And if the servant shall plianly say, I love my master, my wife, my children; I will not go out free; then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him unto the door or unto the door-post; and his master shall bore his ears through with an awl; and he shall serve him forever." (Exo. 21:2-4.)

What is it more horrible than human sacrifices?

God commands Abraham to sacrifice his son: "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering." (Gen. 22:2.)

Those desiring further information on this horrible practice might read Jud. 11:26-40; 2 Sam. 21.

You talk about heathens and barbarians! What is this! Is it cannibalism? "The fathers shall eat the sons in the midst of their sons, and the sons shall eat their fathers." (Ezek. 5:10.)

"And ye shall eat the flesh of your sons, and the flesh of your daughters shall ye eat." (Lev. 26:28.)

"And I will cause them to eat the flesh of their sons and the flesh of their daughters, and they shall eat every one the flesh of his friend." (Jer. 19:9.)

"And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters." So that the man that is tender among you, and very delicate, his eye shall be evil toward his brother, and toward the wife of his bosom, and toward the servant of his bosom, whom he shall eat. The tender and delicate women among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil toward the husband of her bosom, and toward her son and toward her daughter, for she shall eat them." (Deut. 28:53, 57.)

"Except ye eat the flesh of the son of man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." (John 6:53.)

The Christian sacrament points to the time when savage priests gathered around and dined on human flesh, and wine and supped on human blood.

I do not accept the Bible as a moral guide, because it teaches witchcraft. It was through its teachings that the witch-fires burned in Europe for centuries, and nine millions of people went to their deaths just because the Bible says: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." (Exo. 22:18.)

"A man also, or a woman, that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death." (Lev. 20:27.)

A book that is set up to lead people as a moral guide, whose God is a murderer and a guiding hand in a number of foul murders, should be classed as fiction, and the sacred veil torn from its countenance and expose in all its horrible wickedness.

"Spare them not, but slay them both man and woman, infant and suckling." (1 Sam. 15:3.)

"Slay both old and young, maids and little children." (Ezek. 9:6.)

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attention of our readers to the
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coln's Religion," which we pro-
posed to put in pamphlet, to be
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We are holding the type, and
will await further expression on
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pamphlet should be put out. Dr.
Wilson proposes to add consid-
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Now, in order to make this
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cured by donations in advance.
We have had a great many letters
from people saying they would
like from 10 to 100 pamphlets as
soon as they came out, but only
a few offers of donations. This
we believe due to those inclined
to give, waiting to see what oth-
ers intend doing. We should
have started off with a subscrip-
tion list in the first place, and will
do this now.

Dr. J. B. Wilson.....\$5.00
A Friend.....10.00

Let us have a response at once,
no matter how small it may be.

Did you overlook the pink slip
in the Blade last week? Some-
body did. This question is one
of tremendous importance to us.
You may think your arrears of a
dollar is a small thing. Yours
is as big as the other man's, and
together they are very big to us.
You may think the others will
send theirs, and we won't need

Yours. We need yours worse
than we do theirs, because they
are waiting for you to send yours
before they send theirs. Perhaps
you have forgotten it. That's
bad—for us. Look it up, and
send it now.

When people who profess a re-
ligion do not believe in it them-
selves, the natural result is, the
eventual precipitation of social
chaos.

Christianity is played out; it is
an unmitigated evil, and what is
worse, it is a hindrance to any-
thing better taking its place to
enlighten and educate the people.

At best man has but a few
years to live, and he strives hard
to waste them by indulging in re-
ligion and politics. Both are
evils that will go glimmering
when man comes into his senses.
Until then we must keep up the
fight against both superstitions.

Many men may believe that
they believe the dogmas of the
Christian faith, but if they will
carefully examine their own
minds they will be forced to the
conclusion that there is, after all,
a great big doubt lurking behind
it. To believe in such doctrines
as are promulgated by the pres-
ent day church is an outrage upon
the very intelligence of which
they so persistently boast.

Common School is the
breath of life. I tell you the
school house is the fortress of lib-
erty. As I have said ten thou-
sand times, the school is my
syndicalism. The teacher is my
preacher. The United States
spends over \$2.50 per pupil in the
public schools; Italy spends 25
cents. In the United States 110
letters for each individual are
passing through the post-office; in
Italy only 16 letters. *** And
this is the place where God's
agent lives! I would rather have
one school house than two such
agents.

We must develop the brain, civ-
ilize the heart, and, above all
things, we must not forget educa-
tion from early days. Nothing
should be taught in the school
that somebody does not know—
Ingersoll.

ADDRESS

Delivered at the Funeral of Mrs.
Malinda Nauman, December
20, 1909.

(By Henry F. Wagner.)

Friends—
We are assembled on an occa-
sion of mournful interest. We
have come here to pay the last
tribute of respect to our kind
friend and good neighbor, and to
the devoted wife and cherished
mother of these dear loved ones
whom she has left to mourn her
untimely death.

Death, though certain, yet is
often unexpected, and in the case
of this good woman whose frail
form lies mute in our presence,
with the light of the eye now
dimmed, with the lips which have
oft so kindly spoken warm and
friendly greetings, and with the
warm heart that has oft thrilled
with sympathy for others, was now
stilled. It seems that in this
instant death was more sudden
and more unexpected than in
usual, and that it is not the ordi-
nary, but the extraordinary thing
that has happened to remove this
good woman from our midst. Two
weeks ago last evening, I sat here
in this house, visiting with her
and her cherished family, and
she was so jovial, and I not know-
ing anything of her affliction, we
pleasantly talked for an hour or
so, and when I left, I was, as
usual, warmly and courteously
invited to come again. A little
while I then thought that I had
looked upon her smiling countenance
for the last time, and that we had
spoken the last words that should
pass between us. So I say in all
truth and candor that her death
was untimely and her friends and
loved ones mourn.

Here today in this house of
mourning, we view a striking in-
stance of the uncertainty of life
and the vanity of all human pur-
suits. We can in no way be of
any further benefit or assistance
to the deceased. The last offices
paid to the dead are only useful
as lectures to the living; from
them we are to derive instruction
and consider every solemnity of
this kind as a summons to pre-
pare for our own approaching
dissolution. Notwithstanding the
various monuments of mortality
with which we are met, not to
withstand death has established
his empire through all the
works of nature, yet through

some unaccountable infatuation,
we forget that we are born to die.
We go on from one design to an-
other, add hope to hope, and lay
out plans for employment of
many years until we are sud-
denly alarmed by the approach of
Death, when we least expect him,
and in this at an hour which we
probably conclude to be the mer-
ciful of our existence.

To every person on this earth
death cometh, soon or late.
Wealth cannot bribe him to stay
away; rank and power cannot
shield us from him; no strength
of mortal arm can bar his onward
march. He alone is no respecter
of persons. The rustiest cheek
pales before his breath; the stout-
est heart ceases to beat at his
touch; the strongest frame bows
and falls before him. As he
moves swiftly and silently, he
moves among the ranks of men, he
lays on one and on another his chill-
ing hand, and they fall on either
side lifeless and cold.

Death comes naturally. We
have no choice about it; we cannot
into the world, and likewise have
no choice about our leaving it.
Life is a process of natural devel-
opment. Death is the culmination
of this natural development, and
the happy thing about this
life is, that we know not when it
will be terminated. And so this
good woman has met with the
common fate which must befall
all humanity. The high and the
low, the rich and the poor, the
learned and the unlearned, all
must meet on this common
level.

Malinda Schreyer was born in
Clear Creek township, Keokuk
county, Iowa, June 19, 1872. She
lost her mother in childhood, and
was raised to maturity by her
aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J.
B. Goeldner. She was united in
marriage to L. O. Nauman Dec-
3, 1891. To this union were born
two children, Freda and Ernest.
She died on December 17, 1909,
in the midst of her usefulness,
when the sun of her destiny had
scarcely reached the noon hour,
leaving two fond brothers, her
loving children, her devoted
husband and a host of warm
and true friends to mourn her
loss. She was a woman, kind,
loving and generous. In cases of
sickness and death she always of-
fered her assistance. She real-
ized that she had been left help-
less when a child and was loving-
ly cared for by others, and she
was always willing to help others
in like circumstances. Let us
profit by her example and do un-
to her loved ones, left in their
affliction, as she would have been
inclined to do unto ours under
like circumstances.

As we carry her body to its last
resting place in the silent city of
the dead, let us bear in mind only
her virtues, which were many.
The reward of a useful and vir-
tuous life is the conviction that
our memory will be cherished by
those who come after us as we re-
ceive the memory of those who
have gone before us, and as we
deposit her body in the tomb, and
drop the tear of sympathy in the
grave, let charity incline us to
remember that while she has passed
beyond the needs of this kind,
her benefactions we owe each oth-
er in life, yet she still holds a
place in our memory and love,
and that we can manifest that
love by sympathy and continued
benefactions to the kind, indus-
trious and devoted husband and
the darling daughter and dotting son
who must now be reared to
womanhood and manhood with-
out the aid and assistance of a
mother's wise caution and a moth-
er's beneficent love. Let each
one of us endeavor to so live in
the way and manner so beauti-
fully expressed by the poet, Wil-
liam Cullen Bryant, when he said—
"So live, that when thy summons
comes, come to join the innum-
erable caravan that moves to those
mysterious realms where each
must take his chamber in the sil-
ent halls of death, though go, not
like the quarry slave at night,
scourged to his dungeon, but, sus-
tained and soothed by an unfa-
ltering trust, apostrophize thy grave,
like one who wraps the drapery
of his couch about him and lies
down to pleasant dreams."

AT THE GRAVE.

Kind Friends: In silence on
her bosom, nature receives both
the good and the great, the one
who lived and died by faith, and
the one who in reason found his
guide. Belief to her is no virtue,
unbelief no crime; whether or-
thodox or heterodox, it is all the
same, and as each and all lie down
to that eternal rest—her boon to
all mankind—they must with
naught but her calm indifference.
The pomp and pride of life stop

here; rank and station have
found their end; social distinc-
tions no further go, and all the
barriers built in life between man
and man, whether from the dif-
ferences of thought, from race,
riches, or religion, here vanish
forever in the "silent city of the
dead." Perfect equality now
prevails. The storms of passion,
the ambitions and rivalries, the
quietness reign supreme, he was
returned to the bosom of Mother
Earth, the great crucible, where
a few years hence all must meet
on a common level of equality.
Peace be with him!

J. ATWOOD CULBERTSON.
"Half the world doesn't know
how the other half lives."
"Possibly," answered Alms
Cayenne, "but that isn't the fault
of the ladies who get together
with their knitting in our hotel."
—Washington Star.

Generous.
The Doctor—"Mrs. Murphy,
you must be to your husband's
side constantly, as you will need
to hand him something con-
stantly."
Mrs. Murphy—"Niver, doctor!
Fur be it from me to hit a man
whin he's down."—Puck.

Conditions Hostile.

Pat—"We sure do need rain,
parson."

DEATH OF A. J. SENOUR.

Again the silent agent of
change, which man calls death,
has taken from us a good and no-
ble son of mental freedom. On
March 17, 1910, Mr. A. J. Senour,
of Union, Boone County, Ky.,
lapsed into the sleep eternal. Honored
by all, hated by none, this good man
has been a Freethinker for years,
having years since turned away
from the dark and narrow path of or-
thodoxy into the fertile and blossom-
ing fields of reason.

A short while before Mr. Senour
died, he called to his bed his
youngest son, Doctor O. B. Senour,
of Union, Boone County, Ky.,
to whom he stated that he realized
the end was near, and as he had
long been a Freethinker, he
wanted his funeral services to be
held in strict accordance with
Freethought principles. It was
his request that Dr. J. B. Wilson,
of Cincinnati, O., deliver the fu-
neral address, and in case the doc-
tor was unable to attend, that his
son, Mr. Senour's oldest grandchild,
J. A. Culbertson, of Pittsburgh,
make the address. Arrangements
were made with Dr. Wilson, and
on Sunday morning, March 20,
1910, the funeral services were
held in the Court House at In-
dependence, Ky. The Court House
was crowded to its full capacity,
as Mr. Senour was a man of many
friends, respected by all who
knew him. The Dr. talked for
about one hour, expounding the
principles of Freethought. The
audience gave marked attention,
and no doubt many found in the
Doctor's remarks food for
thought, which will be of benefit
to them for years to come.

Mr. Senour had long hoped that
as his last great service for the
cause of intellectual liberty, that
his funeral could be made the
occasion for getting before them
the principles of Freethought.
He understood that the orthodox
are seldom prone to lend an ear
to words that argue against their
cherished superstitions, but are
ever ready to silence anyone
that voices honest skepticism.
However, he understood that on
occasions of funerals the pious
listen with a tremble, and for
that reason he wished the oppor-
tunity which his death would af-
ford to be taken advantage of,
and his wishes were respected.

Mr. Senour's funeral was no
doubt the first strictly Free-
thought funeral ever held in that
neighborhood. Several Freethink-
ers have died, however recently,
but their wishes and beliefs were
not respected, the ghoulish hand
of orthodoxy, in its eagerness
to rule the dead as well as the liv-
ing, making itself felt in such
instances.

After the services were over, a
number of persons came to Dr.
Wilson and made it known that
they were in accord with what he
said, and that his words were
freighted with much truth. And
could Mr. Senour know the ap-
parent good for the cause of the
emancipation of the mind that his
funeral service has worked, he
would not have considered that
he did not live and die in vain.
Mr. Senour was 72 years of
age, and is survived by one broth-
er, Mr. Timothy Senour, aged 74,
seven children, three sons and

four daughters, eleven grand-
children and one great-grandson.
In Independence cemetery, by the
side of his beloved wife, who
predeceased him into the great be-
yond some two years ago, out
where the golden rays of an im-
partial sun kiss to life and frag-
rance nature's flowers, where
bird and sun, vine and blossoms,
ambition and rivalry, the sublime
quietness reign supreme, he was
returned to the bosom of Mother
Earth, the great crucible, where
a few years hence all must meet
on a common level of equality.
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Priest—"That's what we do.
I'll remember it in my prayer to-
night at the meeting."

But—"I won't do any good,
parson, as long as the wind's in
the west."

She Spoke Truth.

"I am undone!" shrieked the
Tragedy Queen, as she threw her
arms upward with a wild gesture.
"Yes," agreed the Villain, as he
stole a surreptitious glance be-
hind her back, "two buttons at
the top and three at the bottom."

Intelligent Domestic.

Servant: "There is no coal,
mum, 'n' the fire is goin' out."
Mistress: "Why, Norah, you
should have told me that before."
Servant: "I could have told you
there was no coal, mum, when
there was coal."—Boston Tran-
script.

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THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

(By Joel T. Berry.)

There is a sect of Christians called "The Peculiar People," who astonish and offend the Christians by their excessive faith in believing what the Bible tells them.

Christian corners and magistrates condemn and convict them for carrying out the precepts of Jesus, their Master, and James, his Apostle.

When they are ill, instead of sending for a physician to cure them, they call in Elders, according to the teaching of their Scriptures, who pray over the sick person, and anoint with oil in the name of the Lord (James 5:14), believing that the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up. The promise is corroborated by the writer of Mark: "They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." (16:18).

Those who cannot believe in Bible promises, such as the late Charles Bradlaugh and others, are sent to prison, and those who do believe in it and try to act up to it, are also sent to prison, because they both have the honesty to say so.

Those who do not believe in them, but pretend to do so, condemn the two former, but what an illogical position these administrators of the law take up, for the promises or commands are either true or they are untrue. If they admit the latter, they indirectly condemn the very book on which their creed is founded. By this bringing the Holy Scriptures into ridicule or contempt (as the Blasphemy laws have it), these dispensers of the law are virtually guilty of blasphemy, and render themselves amenable to the Blasphemy Laws, under which Freethinkers have been persecuted and punished.

We cannot help admiring the honest logic of these poor, deluded people who place implicit faith in their Bible; but what can we think of those who, for respectability's sake, accept the Bible, with all its contradictions, impossibilities and atrocities, while secretly being non-believers, who one moment send people to prison for not believing in the Bible, and at another send people to prison for believing in it.

Wherein is the difference in the measurement of credulity in prayers for rain or for drought, for prayers for the diseased or dying? The first is called "faith," the other "credulity." But the difference is a difference without a distinction, which is an impossibility.

Do life insurance companies, in preparing their tables, take into consideration the piety or prayerfulness of a district? And are these tables formed on an estimate of the prayers that are likely to go up to the "three above" or on an estimate of the average longevity of lives? And would they not do so if it could be proved satisfactorily that prayer was really efficacious, and not a mere matter of feeling and sentimentality in prayer for recovery from illness logical?

We hear from believers, who have perfect assurance and confidence in being what they term "saved," of the perpetual bliss and happiness reserved for them in Paradise. This being so, how is it that these same people have such a dread of illness, and fear of death? Why do they send for the physician immediately when they are ill, and request the prayers of their friends and of the congregation among whom they worship?—not, be it observed, that they may depart speedily for Paradise, but that they may cover and remain a little longer in what they call this "miserable wicked world."

We can only conclude that this world is not so distasteful, the bliss of Paradise so inviting and certain as orthodox believers, when they are in the enjoyment of sound health, would have us believe.

The efficacy of prayer is and must be a matter of opinion. To those who choose to spend a considerable portion of their lives in what may appear to rational people as useless praying—for we have seen that no communication can possibly take place between the natural and the supernatural, the finite and the infinite. All we can say is, let them do so; no fair minded person would wish to deprive the illiterate of their little comfort.

It is with a feeling of more sadness than of reproach that we turn away from such; and though their faithfulness to their opinions may be admired, it is impossible to look with the same equanimity upon the more and culpable credulity of the more intelligent ones, who, mentally able to see and to reason, absolutely refuse to do either. But does it not appeal to the mind unfettered by the slavery of custom, that such a waste of valuable time is very shocking to contemplate, and especially so when we consider what might be learned concerning the truth of the various phenomena that are daily exhibited, which are now so many dark places to the person of faith. Were that time devoted to the study of Science, and were these credulous persons who display such culpable ignorance in even the elementary sciences, told that they were guilty of similar superstitions to the savages in the heart of Africa, they would be as much astonished as we may be at their credulity.

The idea of incessant divine intervention, in opposition to the operation of upsurging law, will always be supported and encouraged by a priesthood, since it must desire to be considered as standing between the prayer of the votary and providential act.

Astronomical predictions of all kinds, says Draper, "depend upon the admission of the fact that there never has been, and never will be, any intervention in the operation of natural laws. The scientific philosopher asserts that the world at any given moment is the direct result of its condition in the preceding moment and the direct cause of its condition in the subsequent moment. Law and Chance are only different names for mechanical necessity. Every event has its warrant in some preceding event and gives warrant to others that are to follow." Again, he says: "It has always been inexpedient to admit the prevalence of law of any kind as opposed to providential intervention. It was considered derogatory to the majesty of God that that which should be fettered in any way."

We are justified in expressing wonder and admiration, if not reverence, in contemplating the magnificence of the visible universe; the marvelous beauty and harmony of nature, and her grand and immutable laws, our existence, and that of all other life by which we are surrounded. We are also justified in recognizing the existence of an inscrutable power behind all the phenomena that are manifested around us, but to attribute all this magnificent result of natural laws to a man-like deity, given to anger, cruelty and vindictiveness,—one god among a number of others, and jealous of the others, demanding worship in the form of cringing self-abasement, flattery and adulation—is to reduce humanity, in a manner, to the lowest species of animal life, and the human mind to a state of primitive cowardice and fear.

Such gross and ignorant notions, fostered through many centuries of priestcraft, have been the means of keeping men in darkness; have led them astray from the truth, and have delayed the progress and development of science and the advancement of knowledge.

With the disappearance of an anthropomorphic God, with human attributes, there disappears also our lip worship, but divine worship of any sort. Mr. Herbert Spencer says that worship "is not mere lip-homage, but a homage expressed in actions; not a mere respect, but a respect expressed by the sacrifice of time, thought and labor." Again, he says: "It is the neglect of science that is irreligious. *** It is the refusal to study the surrounding creation—the universe and its cause, that is irreligious. Not only does mankind in general pass by without study these things which they daily proclaim to be so wonderful, but they frequently condemn as mere triflers those who give time to the observation of nature, and actually scorn those who show any active interest in these marvels. Devotion to science is a tacit worship—a tacit recognition of worth in the things studied, and by implication in their cause."

For a more concise view of this subject, see "First Principles," by Herbert Spencer, or "Evolution of Man," by Dr. Haeckel.

SOCIETY NEEDS CIVILIZING.

The world is not yet civilized. The twilight of barbarism yet lingers and the spirit of savagery is still dominant. The war club has been exchanged for the police baton, and the spear is supplanted by the bayonet. But under the gilt and conventional cant of Things As They Are beats the heart of savagery, and the genius of the present social order is brutality and violence. This so-

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called Christian civilization is a duplex delusion, a sixteen-stringed humbug of mastodontic proportions, a scintillating sham sufficiently self-evident for a show-down. The present social order is down, and the world at any given moment is the direct result of its condition in the preceding moment and the direct cause of its condition in the subsequent moment. Law and Chance are only different names for mechanical necessity. Every event has its warrant in some preceding event and gives warrant to others that are to follow." Again, he says: "It has always been inexpedient to admit the prevalence of law of any kind as opposed to providential intervention. It was considered derogatory to the majesty of God that that which should be fettered in any way."

HELL.

(By C. E. Johnson.)

Hell is a place where the Bruno, Paines and Ingalls are confined for eternal punishment of hell-fire and brimstone, and the fated destiny of all other intellectual men and women who do not believe Bible hosh and ghost stories.

This tale of fickle superstition, born in a place of ignorance, and rooted in the savage brain of primitive man, is like the story of Vulcan, the god of fire, who on his anvil forged the thunderbolts of the gods.

From below came sounds of a mighty hammer on a vast anvil, while from the mountain summit issued the black smoke and lurid glow of Vulcan's forge. They could not know and could not understand that this was a volcano, which came about as a natural cause, one of the grand and marvelous works of nature.

This is how hell came to exist in the mind of man—through the fear of some phenomena of nature that ignorant man could not understand.

Ignorance is the mother of superstition, and ignorance taught her children that deep down in the earth was a hell of fire and brimstone, whose fires never ceased burning, and that there is a devil at the door of this fiery furnace, who stands guard over this great vault of unquenchable fire for all time to come. Should you disobey the wishes of god, when your time comes to die, you will be transferred to the undying fires of Satan's hell, and there endure the long suffering of an eternity.

This superstition, which was born of Noether Tenthredine, is one of the greatest curses that ever was instilled into the mind of illiterate and unthinking man.

Ah, Ignorance and Superstition, your death is fast approaching. Your struggles will soon be over, for I can see the torch of reason casting its intellectual rays of mental freedom over the whole world.

Herald the new day, the new era, the new civilization, for it is close at hand.

Madill, Okla.



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Voltaire was the precursor of a new civilization. As such credit must be given him as any man in all history for the permanent establishment of this great American Republic. There is scarcely any successful reform movement, among the many that may be the credit of the sixteenth century, which was not either originated or pioneered by Voltaire.

Voltaire will always be regarded as the greatest man in literature, of modern times, and perhaps even of all time.

—GORDON

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By G. B. B.

PRIESTHOOD.

(Continued from Page 1).
 priestly victims from twenty to fifty millions. This does not include the 100,000,000 who, Prof. Draper says, lost their lives by the twenty-years' war to recover Spain and Africa, brought on by the priesthood; nor does it include the lives uselessly lost in the 200 years of the Crusades, or those whose lives were given up in the 250 years of the strife between the Catholics and Protestants (Huguenots), where the priests exhibited equal cruelty to their opponents; nor does it include the extermination of the Albigenses, a powerful Christian sect, by the Catholics, or the slaughter of the English Catholics by the Episcopians, after the Pope's party had been driven from England.

In the long siege of some 1400 years from Constantine to the close of the seventeenth century, while the priesthood held the fort, about 200,000,000 of human beings were sacrificed by them to perpetuate their power in building up the church. Dissenting Christians, as well as Jews and other heretics, went down to death at the hands of the priest-hood, who, as a general rule, forced the civil authorities to do the killing.

In the face of all this historical evidence, and much more that might be added, the priesthood, Catholic and Protestant, are ever babbling of the blessings of Christianity—a system whose priests slaughtered their millions and rejoiced over the suffering and terrible agony of their victims.

The priesthood, from the remotest antiquity to the present, has been the bane of the human race. The Christian priesthood, in particular, has at all times, in addition to its other crimes, been an enemy to progress, a stumbling block in the path of civilization, the opposer of every advanced thought, the destroyer of all useful books, and the opposer of every science—the great devil of the world, whose octopus arms everywhere have encircled its countless victims. Its claims of merit are nothing but a trap the unwary; not a benefit has it ever conferred on mankind.

In addition to its other crimes, it has created an imaginary hell of eternal torments, as a means of forcing tribute from the weak-minded.

Lastly, it has erected numerous toll-gates along the great highway of life, where it stands sentinel, demanding tithes of the faithful, but totally annihilated a passport to the Elysian fields and an eternal home in heaven.

If the world will ever have peace and liberty, the priesthood must be exterminated, peacefully if possible, but totally annihilated. Introduce into the schools the bloody history of the priest-hood from Constantine down to the close of the seventeenth century, and in a few years there would not be left a priest to lift the bell on the death of Christianity, whose fate, though prolonged for a time, is fixed by the inexorable decrees of evolution.

MRS. RICKER'S CANDIDACY.

(Dover (N. H.) Times).
 The prompt recognition of Mrs. Marilla Ricker's gubernatorial candidacy by The Times seems to afford the Republican managers of the state an easy way out of a serious difficulty. That trouble has been confronting them for some time has been sharply manifest. It is not that there are not still enough in the party who are as well qualified as the average run of those whom they have been putting there for the last half century, but the difficulty is to find a man who wants or is willing to take the office or at least to run for it, upon whom both the stalwarts and reformers, conservatives and progressives, regulars and insurgents can or will unite.

The Woodville News names 18 men still left in the party, any one of whom it thinks fit for Governor, and hints that there are others not named; but it is unable to single out one upon whom it will guarantee agreement by the rival camps, and the longer the selection is delayed the more doubtful the success of the man presented before the primaries when voting time comes. Neither the News nor any other Republican paper, or leader, can name a man upon whose success at the primaries as an aspirant for the Republican nomination,—much less as a candidate before the people—it would dare stake a

penny or a year's subscription. But this Mrs. Ricker candidacy, backed by The Times, puts an entirely different aspect upon the situation.

Marilla is a Republican, dyed in the wool, and, if not a yard wide, broad enough to stand squarely in her own boots and tie up with no faction. Any member of the Republican party can support her heartily and consistently, so far as politics may be concerned, though of course, she is not running on a partisan platform. She runs, of course, on a "Woman's Rights" platform, in vindication of the principles for which she has been contending for the last half century, or a considerable portion thereof at least; and on that platform, and in defense of these principles, machinist and insurgent can cheerfully unite. There has been no more decided advocate of Woman Suffrage in all these years than Senator Gallinger, the boss Republican machinist of the State. Governor Quimby himself is an ardent advocate of the cause. Remick and Burroughs and Benton and Churchill and Bass, of the reform army, are suffragists of the deepest dye. Iford, the great pacifist, has always been found on the side of the fair sex, in their contention for equal rights. Here, then, is common ground for the whole crowd. Falling in behind The Times and holding up the Ricker banner, their differences will be forgotten, and the day of discomfiture delayed if not avoided.

There is nothing in the Constitution or the statutes to preclude a woman from running for or holding any office in the state, from Governor down. Judge Doe once held that she could not be a notary public; but Judge Doe was a law unto himself. He has passed on, but Marilla Ricker will not. The chances are that she will get a following such as no male Republican, on an ordinary party platform, could command. Henry Robinson who has sulked in his tent, as it were, for some years past, will be in the forefront.

He will gird up his loins, take a hitch in his suspenders, pull down his vest, roll up his sleeves, turn down his collar, and sail in against all comers, to try to antagonize the woman whose friend and admirer he has been, lo, these many years. And with him, there will rally a host of others who have found nothing to incite them to action in recent issues.

As for the Democrats, they will find no difficulty in rallying to the standard. Branch and Parker, of the Old Guard, and Hallis and Carr, of the new engine, have all long been equal suffragists. They will fall into procession side by side with their former adversaries, as naturally as water runs down hill. There seems now to be no good reason why we should not make it unanimous for Marilla, both at the primaries and at the general election, thus saving the Republicans from the threatened dilemma and insuring the state a governor who will do things. All that is wanted now to insure the complete success of the project is the approval and cooperation of Lyander Carroll and B. Frank Tucker, for which there is strong ground for hope.

BIBLE.

(Continued from Page 1).
 er: "He looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he saw the Egyptian and hid him in the sand." (Exo. 2:12.)

God was a great general in war. He directed his armies and disciplined his men in the feats of war.

"Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my way, and with my fingers to fight wars to war and my fingers to fight." (Ps. 144:1.)

"Ye shall drive out all the inhabitants of the land, and dwell therein." (Num. 33:52, 53.)

I have mentioned only a few of the horrors and abominable teachings in this foul book—the foulest and most degrading in all literature. It creates demons, devils and courtesans of the famous red light districts and downtown slums. Every great crime or cruel wrong is sanctioned by this foul demon of literature, which is a disgrace to the bookshelves of our civilization.

It is a drawback to progress, a disgrace to morality, a viper which has for centuries preyed on the credulity of mankind. Madill, Okla.

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JAMES E. HUGHES, Lexington, Ky.

OBITUARY.

Martha Pottle Ellsworth was born in Salem, Maine, Dec. 8th, 1836. She was the youngest of a family of eight children, all of whom have preceded her in death. She was united in marriage to Mr. Peabody on the 15th of March, 1857, at Freeman, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Peabody embarked for the West in November, 1863 and located on a farm near Utica, Minn. To this union seven children were born—four boys and three girls. One son, Amos, was killed by lightning in 1869, at the age of five years. Mr. and Mrs. Peabody moved to St. Charles, Minn., in 1894. About three years ago, Mr. Peabody met with a painful accident, that has caused her many months of suffering. She never fully recovered her strength, but was a marvel of patience and fortitude to her friends and family all thru this ordeal.

Three years ago, the 15th of March, Mr. and Mrs. Peabody celebrated the 50th anniversary of their wedding day. It was an occasion which all who were present will long remember. Their home has been the scene of many festivities and family gatherings.

Those who have known Mrs. Peabody best will long cherish the memory of her many virtues, her kind words and loving deeds. Even thru all her sufferings her greatest concern was for the comfort of those about her—her children, grandchildren and husband. She had a soul and a kind word for them all. Her life was one of unselfishness, honesty, integrity and true morality. She was a noble wife, a devoted mother and a sincere friend.

She passed away March 18th, 1910, and was buried at Utica, Minn. Rev. Hamrin, of the Methodist Church, assisted by Mrs. L. Patterson, conducted the services at the house and grave. The casket was loaded with beautiful flowers, gifts of relatives and friends. Miss Nona Caw sang beautifully, "Face to Face," and "Crossing the Bar," and two selections were sung by a quartet.

Once more we are brought face to face with that mystery which man calls death. Death is a monarch who reigns over all creatures that live upon the earth. We are born with death in us, and when our bodies are worn out, death snags the silver cord and hushes our voice in silence.

Human life is mysteriously invested with laws, to violate which is to blow out the candle of our existence. The pale horse and his riders are no respecters of persons. They cut down the strong man who seems to be in possession of all his powers, the young maiden in the bloom and beauty of youth and the smiling babe in its mother's arms.

Those who understand and obey the laws of health may, for a time, if they have not inherited disease, escape the touch of this hand of death. But sooner or later the wintry frost nip of the flower of life and we are gone forever.

As death is both natural and inevitable, it becomes us as rational beings to regard it calmly,

and if by knowledge of and obedience to the laws of life, we may give our existence a free and full opportunity to run out its three score years and ten, we shall not be so reluctant to pass away.

In that mellow age, man sinks as tranquilly into the sleep of death as an infant falls asleep on its mother's breast. In youth we cling to life; we are terrified at the very thought of personal dissolution. This youthful tenacity of life is like the green apple which clings to the branch, and cannot be plucked from it, except by breaking the twig upon which it grows. Old age, on the other hand, has lost its strong attachment to life. It is like the ripe apple of autumn; you touch it gently and it drops freely into your hand. Death at a ripe old age is as natural and beneficent as birth was at the beginning.

It is quite natural for all thoughtful persons to try to lift the veil which hides the future from us. It is quite natural to have some opinions and theories; but at this point, where the wise men of all ages and all nations have been silent, it becomes to be modest in our belief and charitable in our speech. But this we do know: There is some good in all. It is clearly the duty of every rational being to do as much good and as little evil as possible.

Let us then endeavor to cultivate a sympathy so true, a helpfulness so great, a charity so broad, that it may embrace humanity and crowd all evil from our hearts. Let us try to—

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan which
 moves

To that mysterious realm where
 His chamber in the silent halls
 of death—
 Thou go not like the quarry slave
 at night,

Scourged and beaten to his dun-
 geon, but sustained and
 soothed

By an unflinching trust, approach
 thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery
 of his couch

About him, and lies down to
 pleasant dreams."

The following poem was read at the funeral:

SHADOW.

Life was full of music in the happy past,
 Now, with mist and darkness, are
 our skies overcast.

O, sweet summer; if we had but known
 That, when leaves had fallen, we
 walk alone;

That the night was coming, and
 that we must part,
 That the ties must ever, binding
 heart to heart,

Now, upon the border, we must
 stand alone,
 O'er the deep, dark river those we
 love have gone,

Down into the billows stepped
 the weary feet—
 Love is true and precious! Love
 is pure and sweet!

O, how could they leave it,—leave
 its earthly scene;
 Leave their home forever, death's
 dark stream between?

Ties so close and tender wind

about the heart,
 Yet the dreaded summons forces
 us to part.

Clinging arms would hold them,
 Strive to draw them back,
 For the stream is turbid, and the
 skies are black.

O, thou unfried father, could our
 hearts but know
 Of our loved ones' journey, when
 from us they go;

Could our hearts but fathom all
 the great unknown,
 Into whose dim shadows they
 must walk alone.

But above the river droops the
 misty cloud,
 Hiding them forever in a sable
 shroud.

Could our mortal vision pierce
 the mystery,
 That so darkly shadows this un-
 certainty;

Could the veil that stretches like
 a mist between,
 But for one brief moment let us
 view the scene;

All the strange, unthought-of, un-
 known things that be
 In that region boundless—that
 Eternity.

But the misty shadow o'er the fu-
 ture shrouds
 And the wullen river mocks our
 streaming eyes.

Are they gone forever,—those we
 call our own?
 Will they give no answer? Sil-
 ence hath no tone.

Shall we never, never see their
 faces more
 Till we cross the river to that
 far-off shore?

And if there we meet them, we
 will greet them, how?
 'Till then be our own then, just
 as they are now?

Is our love eternal? If we could
 but know,
 Tho' to part is bitter, we could
 let them go.

O, ye dreary shadows, how you
 hide the light!
 Must we walk forever in a moon-
 less night?

Still we call that question,—will
 you give no heed?
 Will you never answer to the
 hearts that bleed?

O, the aching sorrows left within
 the breast!
 O, the hopeless longing and the
 vague unrest!

We are sick and weary with our
 hopes and fears,
 Sad as funeral marches seem the
 coming years.

Is there naught of comfort?
 Naught but sorrow's tear?
 Is there naught to follow but the
 pall and bier?

When the clouds shall rattle on
 the coffin's lid,
 And the lifeless body from the
 light is hid,

Is there naught to follow? Must
 I still contend
 With an empty shadow? If this
 is the end,

Why those vague aspirations for a
 purer life?
 Thoughts of something better
 than this toil and strife?

Why then be contented with our
 living here?
 Why forever longing for a higher
 sphere?

Why will hopeless yearning fill
 our hearts with gloom,
 If our life is ended when we reach
 the tomb?

Is there not a future where we
 need not part,
 Where the clinging tendrils twine
 around the heart?

Where the honest feelings will
 not end in pain?

Those we love the dearest will be
 ours again?
 Parting is so bitter; Is there
 naught of sweet?

Is there not a home where we all
 shall meet?
 Tell us of a future, so beautiful
 and grand,

Tell us we shall meet them in a
 better land,
 Some sweet word of comfort
 kindly to us speak,

For our hearts are breaking, and
 our faith is weak.
 If there is a future fraught with
 joys more pure,

The great pain of parting will
 the bliss obscure.
 Days will pass so slowly, 'tis so
 very far

To that land eternal, where our
 loved ones are;
 Yet the pain and anguish we
 could better bear

If we knew that sometime we
 should meet them there.
 O, the hardest lessons conned thru
 the weary years,

Lessons not completely learned
 'e'en thru our smiles and
 tears.

We are vainly groping for the
 golden chain
 That, with scarce a warning,
 death has rent in twain.

O, the links thus broken, time will
 not restore;
 Will the tie thus severed part us
 evermore?

Must we plead forever? Is there
 none can tell
 Of that mystic region where our
 loved ones dwell?

Is there any future? Must we
 ask in vain?
 Will we in the future meet our
 own again?

O, the doubts and shadows that
 around us fall,
 Shroud our gloomy spirits in a
 sable pall.

Is our love eternal? If we could
 but know,
 ho' to part is bitter, we could let
 them go.

It is more important to raise
 the living than to raise the dead,
 to bring up the baby than to pull
 up Lazarus.—Truthseeker.

Whatever may be God's future,
 there will still remain his past. If
 the lives whom in the future he is
 to bless are to be witnesses to
 his divine goodness, the lives
 whom in the past he has blighted
 will be still crying to him out of
 the ground; and, since the theist
 maintains that he is the same yester-
 day, today and forever, the
 hand which is red with the mil-
 lions of years of murder will never
 cease to incarnate all the seas
 of eternity.—W. H. Mallock.

DOG FENNEL

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